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## NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

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EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph. D. New York: the Macmillan Company.

It is the opinion of Professor Canby that while we have had plenty of narrative, description, poetry, and philosophy, occasioned by the war, we have not as yet got the benefit of "that inner burning thought forced upon reflective minds by danger and horror and waste and splendid bravery." Now that the war is over, he continues, "let us open our minds and allow no left-over scruples of anxious patriotism to suppress the best of all patriotism, which is the truth born of devotion to one's fellow man."

The sentiment is admirable, and yet one must confess oneself somewhat puzzled as to Professor Canby's intention in saying just this. Clearly, the literature of the war, be it narrative, poetry, philosophy, or whatever else, shows strong effort on the part of many to express a certain kind of inner, burning thought forced upon reflective minds by the great ordeal. What kind of truth is it, then, that we may be tempted to suppress in the interests of an over-anxious patriotism? Our real views about war, perhaps; or the facts about the conduct of this war; or criticisms of our Government or our institutions; or the truth concerning the labor problem—Professor Canby does not tell us. Yet one who has said so much, ought, it would seem, to say more. A kind of ethical awakening is generally felt; the danger is of the misdirection of the newly developed moral energy. Our minds are "open," as hardly ever before—perhaps rather too open to certain proposals! Under these circumstances, when we are urged to have open minds and not to suppress the truth, the queries, What sort of truth? and Open: in what directions? become rather pertinent.

Upon these questions Professor Canby's essays throw very little, if any, light. They contain, indeed, scarcely anything that might conceivably have been suppressed by "left-over scruples of over-anxious patriotism." The author's general aim seems to be simply to describe, as fully as a rather wide range of experience and observation may enable him to do, the difference in the general state of mind that the war has caused—a sufficiently important subject.

With no little of his accustomed acuteness and charm, Professor Canby analyzes some of the moral or psychological factors in our present world; but the result, it must be said, is a little unsatisfying. Professor Canby is above all things, an essayist. He knows how to conduct readers gently and considerably through the briar-patch of educational

controversy, and by means of a pleasant jest, proffered in a catholic spirit, he is able to recommend troublesome problems to the interest of persons habitually bored or mystified by the intricacies and uncertainties of academic theory and academic propaganda.

Professor Canby has written both wisely and entertainingly on education. It is a subject to which the essayist's tentative wisdom and humane philosophy fittingly apply: it is a subject that has suffered much from dogma. Dogma is the polite essayist's aversion: the golden mean between futile argumentation and equally futile commonplace is what he seeks.

But in reading about our changed and changing life of today, one experiences an actual craving for something thorough and positive; one wants, even at the risk of being offended by dogma or wearied by academic theory, something broader and bolder than the essayist's habitual view, something blunter than his habitual manner. One feels the need of thinkers who will shoulder the whole of a problem; one desires that a man shall give, for better or worse, the whole of his thought on a subject, and give it, with all its implications, in concise and elementary form. It is a fault in an essayist to say too much—to exhaust the subject and the reader at the same time. But, to speak frankly, the trouble with Professor Canby's essays about war-reactions is that they do not say half enough—that they are neither exhaustive, nor (since the discussion of vital truth ought to be strenuous) sufficiently exhausting.

Professor Canby has discovered that American endeavor toward uplift, while perhaps not so well thought out as the British endeavor, has a "fire and universality" which makes it resemble "a natural religion more than a movement for social reform." Behind the eagerness of the Americans in the war, "lay a sense of right and duty as vague as the Indian's Great Spirit," but none the less impressive and effectual. Great Britain, too, has found new moral energy—an energy which "springs from sources too little explored in our old industrial system, from the innate, perhaps the inherited, desire of the gregarious animal to work for larger issues than his own food and his master's pocket-book." Englishmen and Americans are a great deal alike in essentials, and despite superficial differences the two peoples are beginning to feel their kinship of civilization. The ex-soldier "has been made simple, and he will demand simplicity in the life to which he is returning."

These things are true. They may be perceived in the army, in the schools, in the war literature, in the air. The tone of the conversation in a corner grocery store, where a returned soldier is the center of an interested group, reveals a new earnestness, a new simplicity and directness—and a new modesty. But what is the meaning of all this?

Involved and more or less hidden in Professor Canby's discussion are two real questions. The first is, How are we to adjust ourselves to the presumably new moral conditions of the after-the-war period. Granting that a strong impulse has come to us from overseas or from somewhere, how can we best get in line with it, how best avoid mal-adjustment and friction. The second is, What new thing can we ourselves do to express, to canalize, and to perpetuate the hopeful moral tend-

ency of the times?—a question that presses upon the educator and the writer, the architect and the musician, quite as much as upon the statesman.

In regard to the first question—the adjustment of our minds to a new situation—the best suggestion that Professor Canby makes is one in regard to the Irish problem. The author sees the Irish difficulty as chiefly a psychological affair. The trouble is that the Irish nature has been suppressed. “We as a nation, and England as a nation, want an orderly, progressive, productive state. The Irish wish a happy one, which might conceivably be disorderly, unprogressive, and just productive enough to keep the citizens going, and almost certainly would not be efficient according to our ideas of efficiency.” Ireland has never had what she wanted, and there is no use in trying to satisfy her simply by removing old abuses and by giving her what you think she ought to want. “We cannot make a plodding and sensible community—a Holland or a Pennsylvania—out of a national personality which, whether by harsh circumstance or native tendency, is now part genius, part fanatic, and part hard-headed materialist.” There is no remedy except to let the Irish fight out, so far as possible by themselves, the conflict between their long-suppressed wish for a turbulent freedom, an impulsive happiness, and the hard realities of universal experience. Probably it is best that they should fight it out under Home Rule conditions.

All this seems penetrating and sensible. It is advice for the English, however, rather than for us. With regard to America, the points the author makes chiefly memorable are the vagueness of the ex-soldier's moral enthusiasm, the inefficacy of discipline to solve problems, the danger that the man from overseas may favor simplistic solutions of old and complex difficulties. In regard to which, it may be said, first, that returned soldiers, especially of the class likely to be most influential, show in general an increased humility, born of contact with reality, and an increased willingness to submit to instruction—dispositions that do not suggest the cutting of Gordian Knots. And, secondly, it may be asked whether in regard to a large range of our difficulties, the simplistic solution is not just what we need. Isn't there abundant room, in the shop, in the office, in the church, and in the school, for greater moral earnestness, however vague, for greater honesty, for that discipline that is a discipline of the heart? And will not these influences, if we stay-at-homes only coöperate with them, work without upsetting decorum or the customary order? The ex-soldier knows all about camouflage, and he has no use for insincere propaganda. Would it not be a boon, if, with his aid, we could somewhat diminish the public craving for the vast supply of pseudo-logical advertisement that floods our country? Would it not be a blessing if his straightforward demand for reality should result in a little less theological imbecility in the pulpit and a little less futile effort in the church? Perhaps these particular suggestions ought to be answered with a sharp negative. However that may be, the writer who should show us in moderate detail how to coöperate with the new impulse, which all say exists, would deserve our gratitude.

In regard to the second question—what new thing shall we do?—

Professor Canby makes at least one pregnant suggestion. Let us adopt the British idea of education as a personal relation between teacher and pupil; let us stop worrying about the curriculum and try to educate the *mind*. And let us, moreover, try for an education that will make *uncommon* men. "Hitherto education for the masses has consisted largely of training the common people to be common; and what we planned we got." But the germs of uncommonness, if not of genius, exist in the common man along with those "emotional qualities of human nature" which were so splendidly demonstrated in the fighting. "If we assume, as we well may, after this war, that the child of the masses has latent within him qualities of heroism, of nobility, of dogged persistence equal to the best and hitherto slighted; if we believe, as we well may, that unless his heredity is vicious, much at least can be made of him; perhaps we shall begin to educate with the conscious purpose of making all capable minds uncommon."

This is excellent. Yet one lays down the volume with the regretful feeling that on the whole, Professor Canby has fallen short of what might be expected of him in the way of constructive suggestion, energetic meliorism.

AN ADOPTED HUSBAND. A Translation from the Japanese of Futabatei. By Buhachiro Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Modern Japanese fiction is, like many other things in modern Japan, not so much original as intelligently imitative. And so we need not look for any particularly exotic quality in it. Japanese romance of the old type was extravagant enough; the Japanese realism that has grown up since native scholars began to translate Dostoevsky, Turgenief, de Maupassant, seems to be simply realism.

Futabatei, who died in 1909, is regarded as the leading figure among Japanese novelists of the modern realistic or naturalistic school. He was himself a translator of Turgenief. *An Adopted Husband* is said to be his most mature and characteristic work.

The story deals with a peculiar Japanese institution: it tells how a respectable, well-meaning man was brought to ruin as a result of the false position in which he was placed by adoption into a family as the husband of the elder daughter.

Tetsuya became the son of Mr. Reizo Ono, who had no son of his own, and he assumed the name Ono. The Ono family paid his expenses in school and college, and in due time he married Ono's daughter, Toki-Ko. A little before this, Reizo Ono had died.

Toki-Ko is extravagant and unsympathetic; her mother is ignorant, narrow, disagreeable. The two neglect Tetsuya, and do about as they please, showing him none of the customary deference due to the head of the family. He feels acutely the want of attentions and courtesies that to a Japanese are as needful for self-respect as for comfort. But he is helpless. He is under an obligation to his wife's family, and he knows that he is regarded as a poor investment. Humiliation makes him hopeless and sullen.

The only sympathetic member of the family is Sayo-Ko, an